I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd; I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in tha caſe?

Falſ. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now.

He throwes the Bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *Sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland* lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The *Prince of Wales* from ſuch a Field as this,
Where ſtainde Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. Wee breath too long, come cooſen *Weſtmerland*,
Our dutie this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiude me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord, of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all.

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field:
But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Dowg. I feare thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in fayth thou bearſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirites
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the *Prince of Wales*, that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breath a while,